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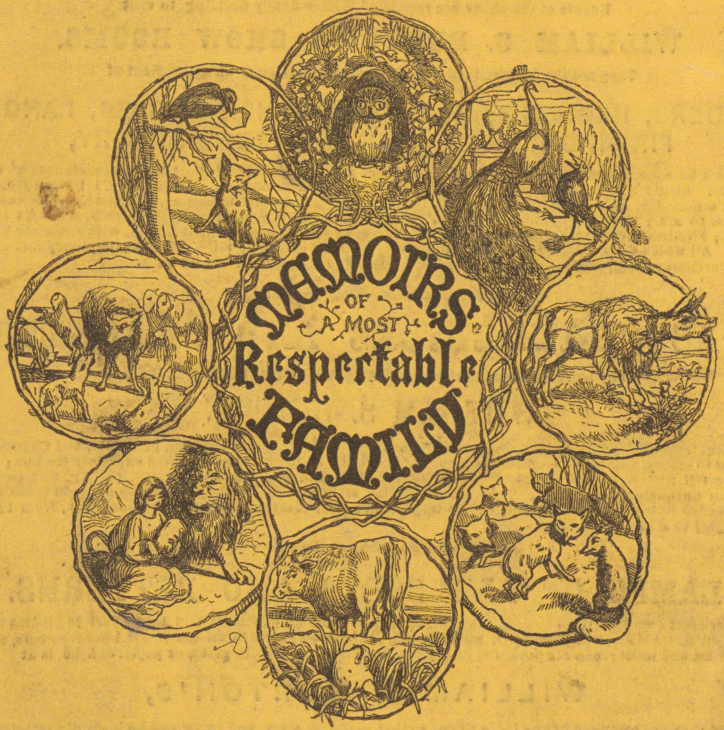

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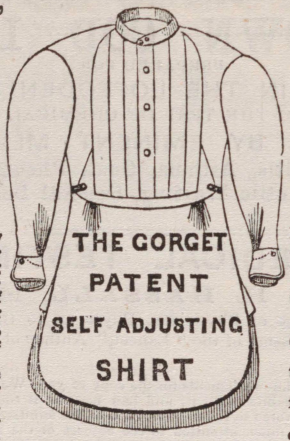

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4. Round the Wrist.
5. Length of Coat Sleeve, from centre of Back, down seam of Sleeve, to bottom of Cuff.
6. Length of Shirt at back.

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THE demise of Lady Kew of course put a stop for a while to the matrimonial projects so interesting to the house of Newcome. Hymen blew his torch out, put it into the cupboard for use on a future day, and exchanged his garish saffron coloured robe for decent temporary mourning. Charles Honeyman improved the occasion at Lady Whittlesea's chapel hard by; and "Death at the Festival" was one of his most thrilling sermons; reprinted at the request of some of the congregation. There were those of his flock, especially a pair whose quarter of the fold was the organ-loft, who were always charmed with the piping of that melodious pastor.

Shall we too, while the coffin yet rests on the outer earth's surface, enter the chapel whither these void remains of our dear sister departed are borne by the smug undertaker's gentlemen, and pronounce an elegy over that bedizened box of corruption? When the young are stricken down, and their roses nipped in an hour by the destroying blight, even the stranger can sympathise, who counts the scant years on the gravestone, or reads the notice in the newspaper corner. The contrast forces itself on you. A fair young creature, bright and blooming yesterday, distributing smiles, levying homage, inspiring desire, conscious of her power to charm, and gay with the natural enjoyment of her conquests—who in his walk through the world has not looked on many such a one; and, at the notion of her sudden call away from

beauty, triumph, pleasure; her helpless outcries during her short pain; her vain pleas for a little respite; her sentence, and its execution; has not felt a shock of pity? When the days of a long life come to its close, and a white head sinks to rise no more, we bow our own with respect as the mourning train passes, and salute the heraldry and devices of yonder pomp, as symbols of age, wisdom, deserved respect and merited honour; long experience of suffering and action. The wealth he may have achieved is the harvest which he sowed; the titles on his hearse, fruits of the field he bravely and laboriously wrought in. But to live to fourscore years, and be found dancing among the idle virgins! to have had near a century of allotted time, and then be called away from the giddy notes of a Mayfair fiddle! To have to yield your roses too, and then drop out of the bony clutch of your old fingers a wreath that came from a Parisian band-box! One fancies around some graves unseen troops of mourners waiting; many and many a poor pensioner trooping to the place; many weeping charities; many kind actions; many dear friends beloved and deplored, rising up at the toll of that bell to follow the honoured hearse; dead parents waiting above, and calling, "Come, daughter!" lost children, heaven's foundlings, hovering round like cherubim, and whispering "Welcome, mother!" Here is one who reposes after a long feast where no love has been; after girlhood without kindly maternal nurture; marriage without affection; matronhood without its precious griefs and joys; after fourscore years of lonely vanity. Let us take off our hats to that procession too as it passes, admiring the different lots awarded to the children of men, and the various usages to which Heaven puts its creatures.

Leave we yonder velvet-palled box, spangled with fantastic heraldry, and containing within the aged slough and envelope of a soul gone to render its account. Look rather at the living audience standing round the shell;—the deep grief on Barnes Newcome's fine countenance; the sadness depicted in the face of the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh; the sympathy of her ladyship's medical man (who came in the third mourning carriage); better than these, the awe, and reverence, and emotion, exhibited in the kind face of one of the witnesses of this scene, as he listens to those words which the priest rehearses over our dead. What magnificent words! what a burning faith, what a glorious triumph; what a heroic life, death, hope, they record! They are read over all of us alike; as the sun shines on just and unjust. We have all of us heard them; and I have fancied for my part, that they fell and smote like the sods on the coffin.

The ceremony over, the undertaker's gentlemen clamber on the roof of the vacant hearse, into which palls, tressels, trays of feathers, are inserted, and the horses break out into a trot, and the empty carriages, expressing the deep grief of the deceased lady's friends, depart homeward. It is remarked that Lord Kew hardly has any communication with his cousin, Sir Barnes Newcome. His lordship jumps into a cab, and goes to the railroad. Issuing from the cemetery, the Marquis of

Farintosh hastily orders that thing to be taken off his hat, and returns to town in his brougham, smoking a cigar. Sir Barnes Newcome rides in the brougham beside Lord Farintosh as far as Oxford Street, where he gets a cab, and goes to the City. For business is business, and must be attended to, though grief be ever so severe.

A very short time previous to her demise, Mr Rood (that was Mr. Rood—that other little gentleman in black, who shared the third mourning coach along with her ladyship's medical man) had executed a will by which almost all the Countess's property was devised to her grand-daughter, Ethel Newcome. Lady Kew's decease of course delayed the marriage projects for a while. The young heiress returned to her mother's house in Park Lane. I daresay the deep mourning habiliments in which the domestics of that establishment appeared, were purchased out of the funds left in his hands, which Ethel's banker and brother had at her disposal.

Sir Barnes Newcome, who was one of the trustees of his sister's property, grumbled no doubt because his grandmother had bequeathed to him but a paltry recompense of five hundred pounds for his pains and trouble of trusteeship; but his manner to Ethel was extremely bland and respectful: an heiress now, and to be marchioness in a few months, Sir Barnes treated her with a very different regard to that which he was accustomed to show to other members of his family. For while this worthy baronet would contradict his mother at every word she uttered, and take no pains to disguise his opinion that Lady Anne's intellect was of the very poorest order, he would listen deferentially to Ethel's smallest observations, exert himself to amuse her under her grief, which he chose to take for granted was very severe, visit her constantly, and show the most charming solicitude for her general comfort and welfare.

During this time my wife received constant notes from Ethel Newcome, and the intimacy between the two ladies much increased. Laura was so unlike the women of Ethel's circle, the young lady was pleased to say, that to be with her was Ethel's greatest comfort. Miss Newcome was now her own mistress, had her carriage, and would drive day after day to our cottage at Richmond. The frigid society of Lord Farintosh's sisters, the conversation of his mother, did not amuse Ethel, and she escaped from both with her usual impatience of control. She was at home every day dutifully to receive my Lord's visits, but though she did not open her mind to Laura as freely regarding the young gentleman as she did when the character and disposition of her future mother and sisters-in-law was the subject of their talk, I could see, from the grave look of commiseration which my wife's face bore after her young friend's visits, that Mrs. Pendennis augured rather ill of the future happiness of this betrothed pair. Once, at Miss Newcome's special request, I took my wife to see her in Park Lane, where the Marquis of Farintosh found us. His Lordship and I had already a half acquaintance, which was not, however, improved after my regular

presentation to him by Miss Newcome: he scowled at me with a countenance indicative of anything but welcome, and did not seem in the least more pleased when Ethel entreated her friend Laura not to take her bonnet, not to think of going away so soon. She came to see us the very next day, stayed much longer with us than usual, and returned to town quite late in the evening, in spite of the entreaties of the inhospitable Laura, who would have had her leave us long before. "I am sure," says clear-sighted Mrs. Laura, "she is come out of bravado, and after we went away yesterday that there were words between her and Lord Farintosh on our account."

"Confound the young man," breaks out Mr. Pendennis in a fume; "what does he mean by his insolent airs?"

"He may think we are partisans *de l'autre*," says Mrs. Pendennis, with a smile first, and a sigh afterwards, as she said "poor Clive."

"Do you ever talk about Clive?" asks the husband.

"Never. Once, twice perhaps, in the most natural manner in the world, we mentioned where he is; but nothing further passes. The subject is a sealed one between us. She often looks at his drawings in my album, (Clive had drawn our baby there and its mother in a great variety of attitudes), and gazes at his sketch of his dear old father: but of him she never says a word."

"So it is best," says Mr. Pendennis.

"Yes—best," echoes Laura with a sigh.

"You think, Laura," continues the husband, "You think she—"

"She what?" What did Mr. Pendennis mean? Laura his wife certainly understood him, though upon my conscience the sentence went no further—for she answered at once,

"Yes—I think she certainly did, poor boy. But that, of course, is over now: and Ethel, though she cannot help being a worldly woman, has such firmness and resolution of character, that if she has once determined to conquer any inclination of that sort I am sure she will master it, and make Lord Farintosh a very good wife."

"Since the Colonel's quarrel with Sir Barnes," cries Mr. Pendennis, adverting by a natural transition from Ethel to her amiable brother, "our banking friend does not invite us any more: Lady Clara sends you no cards. I have a great mind to withdraw my account."

Laura, who understands nothing about accounts, did not perceive the fine irony of this remark: but her face straightway put on the severe expression which it chose to assume whenever Sir Barnes's family was mentioned, and she said, "My dear Arthur, I am very glad indeed that Lady Clara sends us no more of her invitations. You know very well why I disliked them."

"Why?"

"I hear baby crying," says Laura. O Laura, Laura! how could you tell your husband such a fib?—and she quits the room without deigning to give any answer to that "Why."

Let us pay a brief visit to Newcome in the North of England, and there we may get some answer to the question of which Mr. Pendennis had just in vain asked a reply from his wife. My design does not include a description of that great and flourishing town of Newcome, and of the manufactures which caused its prosperity; but only admits of the introduction of those Newcomites who are concerned in the affairs of the family which has given its respectable name to these volumes.

Thus in previous pages we have said nothing about the Mayor and Corporation of Newcome, the magnificent bankers and manufacturers who had their places of business in the town, and their splendid villas outside its smoky precincts; people who would give their thousand guineas for a picture or a statue, and write you off a cheque for ten times the amount any day; people who if there was talk of a statue to the Queen or the Duke, would come down to the Town All and subscribe their one, two, three undred apiece (especially if in the neighbouring city of SLOWCOME they were putting up a statue to the Duke or the Queen)—not of such men have I spoken, the magnates of the place; but of the humble Sarah Mason in Jubilee Row—of the Reverend Dr. Bulders the Vicar, Mr. Vidler the apothecary, Mr. Puff the baker—of Tom Potts the jolly reporter of the "Newcome Independent," and — Batters, Esq., the proprietor of that journal—persons with whom our friends have had already, or will be found presently to have, some connection. And it is from these that we shall arrive at some particulars regarding the Newcome family, which will show us that they have a skeleton or two in *their* closets, as well as their neighbours.

Now, how will you have the story? Worthy mammas of families—if you do not like to have your daughters told that bad husbands will make bad wives; that marriages begun in indifference make homes unhappy; that men whom girls are brought to swear to love and honour, are sometimes false, selfish, and cruel, and that women forget the oaths which they have been made to swear—if you will not hear of this, ladies, close the book, and send for some other. Banish the newspaper out of your houses, and shut your eyes to the truth, the awful truth, of life and sin. Is the world made of Jennies and Jessamies; and passion the play of school-boys and school-girls, scribbling valentines and interchanging lollipops? Is life all over when Jenny and Jessamy are married; and are there no subsequent trials, griefs, wars, bitter heart-pangs, dreadful temptations, defeats, remorses, sufferings to bear, and dangers to overcome? As you and I, friend, kneel with our children round about us, prostrate before the Father of us all, and asking mercy for miserable sinners, are the young ones to suppose the words are mere form, and don't apply to us?—to some outcasts in the free seats probably, or those naughty boys playing in the church-yard? Are they not to know that we err too, and pray with all our hearts to be rescued from temptation? If such a knowledge is wrong for them, send them to church apart. Go you and worship in

private; or if not too proud, kneel humbly in the midst of them, owning your wrong, and praying Heaven to be merciful to you a sinner.

When Barnes Newcome became the reigning Prince of the Newcome family, and after the first agonies of grief for his father's death had subsided, he made strong attempts to conciliate the principal persons in the neighbourhood, and to render himself popular in the borough. He gave handsome entertainments to the townsfolk and to the country gentry; he tried even to bring those two warring classes together. He endeavoured to be civil to the "Newcome Independent," the Opposition paper, as well as to the "Newcome Sentinel," that true old Uncompromising Blue. He asked the dissenting clergyman to dinner, and the low church clergyman, as well as the orthodox Doctor Bulders and his curates. He gave a lecture at the Newcome Athenæum, which everybody said was very amusing, and which "Sentinel" and "Independent" both agreed in praising. Of course he subscribed to that statue which the Newcomites were raising; to the philanthropic missions which the Reverend Low Church gentlemen were engaged in; to the races (for the young Newcomite manufacturers are as sporting gents as any in the North), to the hospital, the People's Library, the restoration of the rood screen, and the great painted window in Newcome Old Church (Rev. J. Bulders), and he had to pay in fine a most awful price for his privilege of sitting in Parliament as representative of his native place —as he called it in his speeches "the cradle of his forefathers, the home of his race," &c., though Barnes was in fact born at Clapham.

Lady Clara could not in the least help this young statesman in his designs upon Newcome and the Newcomites. After she came into Barnes's hands, a dreadful weight fell upon her. She would smile and simper, and talk kindly and gaily enough at first, during Sir Bryan's life; and among women, when Barnes was not present. But as soon as he joined the company, it was remarked that his wife became silent, and looked eagerly towards him whenever she ventured to speak. She blundered, her eyes filled with tears; the little wit she had left her in her husband's presence: he grew angry, and tried to hide his anger with a sneer, or broke out with a gibe and an oath, when he lost patience, and Clara, whimpering, would leave the room. Everybody at Newcome knew that Barnes bullied his wife.

People had worse charges against Barnes than wife-bullying. Do you suppose that little interruption which occurred at Barnes's marriage was not known in Newcome? His victim had been a Newcome girl, the man to whom she was betrothed was in a Newcome factory. When Barnes was a young man, and in his occasional visits to Newcome, lived along with those dashing young blades Sam Jollyman (Jollyman, Brothers, and Bowcher), Bob Homer, Cross Country Bill, Al. Rucker (for whom his father had to pay eighteen thousand pounds after the Leger, the year Toggery won it), and that wild lot, all sorts of stories were told of them, and of Barnes especially. Most of them were settled, and steady business men by this time. Al. it was known had

become very serious, besides making his fortune in cotton. Bob Homer managed the Bank; and as for S. Jollyman, Mrs. S. J. took uncommon good care that *he* didn't break out of bounds any more; why, he was not even allowed to play a game at billiards, or to dine out without her. . . . I could go on giving you interesting particulars of a hundred members of the Newcome aristocracy, were not our attention especially directed to one respectable family.

All Barnes's endeavours at popularity were vain, partly from his own fault, and partly from the nature of mankind, and of the Newcome folks especially, whom no single person could possibly conciliate. Thus, suppose he gave the advertisements to the "Independent;" the old Blue paper, the "Sentinel," was very angry: suppose he asked Mr. Hunch, the dissenting minister, to bless the table-cloth after dinner, as he had begged Doctor Bulders to utter a benediction on the first course; Hunch and Bulders were both angry. He subscribed to the races—what heathenism! to the missionaries—what sanctimonious humbug! And the worst was that Barnes being young at that time, and not able to keep his tongue in order, could not help saying not to but of such and such a man, that he was an infernal ass, or a confounded old idiot, and so forth—peevish phrases, which undid in a moment the works of a dozen dinners, countless compliments, and months of grinning good humour.

Now he is wiser. He is very proud of being Newcome of Newcome, and quite believes that the place is his hereditary principality. But still, he says, his father was a fool for ever representing the borough, "Dammy, Sir," cries Sir Barnes, "never sit for a place that lies at your park-gates, and above all never try to conciliate 'em. Curse 'em! Hate 'em well, Sir. Take a line, and flog the fellows on the other side. Since I have sate in Parliament for another place, I have saved myself I don't know how much a year. I never go to High Church or Low; don't give a shillin' to the confounded races, or the infernal soup-tickets, or to the miserable missionaries; and at last live in quiet."

So, in spite of all his subscriptions, and his coaxing of the various orders of Newcomites, Sir Barnes Newcome was not popular among them; and while he had enemies on all sides, had sturdy friends not even on his own. Scarce a man but felt Barnes was laughing at him; Bulders, in his pulpit, Holder, who seconded him in his election, the Newcome society, and the ladies, even more than the men, were uneasy under his ominous familiarity, and recovered their good humour when he left them. People felt as if it was a truce only, and not an alliance with him, and always speculated on the possibility of war: when he turned his back on them in the market, men felt relieved, and, as they passed his gate, looked with no friendly glances over his park-wall.

What happened within was perfectly familiar to many persons. Our friend was insolent to all his servants; and of course very well served, but very much disliked in consequence. The butler was familiar with Taplow—the housekeeper had a friend at Newcome; Mrs. Taplow, in fact,

of the King's Arms—one of the grooms at Newcome Park kept company with Mrs. Bulder's maid : the incomings and outgoings, the quarrels and tears, the company from London, and all the doings of the folks at Newcome Park were thus known to the neighbourhood round about. The apothecary brought an awful story back from Newcome. He had been called to Lady Clara in strong hysterical fits. He found her ladyship with a bruise on her face. When Sir Barnes approached her (he would not allow the medical man to see her except in his presence) she screamed, and bade him not come near her. These things did Mr. Vidler weakly impart to Mrs. Vidler: these, under solemn vows of secresy, Mrs. Vidler told to one or two friends. Sir Barnes and Lady Clara were seen shopping together very graciously in Newcome a short time afterwards ; persons who dined at the Park said the Baronet and his wife seemed on very good terms ; but—but that story of the bruised cheek remained in the minds of certain people, and lay by at compound interest as such stories will.

Now, say people quarrel and make it up ; or don't make it up, but wear a smirking face to society, and call each other "my dear" and "my love," and smooth over their countenances before John, who enters with the coals as they are barking and biting, or who announces the dinner as they are tearing each other's eyes out? Suppose a woman is ever so miserable, and yet smiles, and doesn't show her grief? "Quite right," say her prudent friends, and her husband's relations above all. "My dear, you have too much propriety to exhibit your grief before the world, or above all before the darling children." So to lie is your duty, to lie to your friends, to yourself if you can, to your children.

Does this discipline of hypocrisy improve any mortal woman? Say she learns to smile after a blow, do you suppose in this matter alone she will be a hypocrite? Poor Lady Clara! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond simple little heart, could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master, whose scorn and cruelty terrified you ; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be happy. Suppose a little plant, very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture ; suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect ; consigned to cruel usage ; to weary loneliness ; to bitter, bitter recollections of the past ; suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by tyranny—and then, quick, let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart (if Mr. Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him), and to show Society injured through him. Let us console that martyr, I say, with thumping damages ; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch!—let us lead her out and stone her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROSA QUO LOCORUM SERA MORATUR.

LIVE NEWCOME bore his defeat with such a courage and resolution, as those who knew the young fellow's character were sure he would display. It was whilst he had a little lingering hope still that the poor lad was in the worst condition; as a gambler is restless and unhappy whilst his last few guineas remain with him, and he is venturing them against the overpowering chances of the bank. His last piece, however, gone, our friend rises up from that unlucky table—beaten at the contest but not broken in spirit. He goes back into the world again and withdraws from that dangerous excitement; sometimes when he is alone or wakeful, tossing in his bed at nights, he may recal the fatal game, and think how he might have won it—think what a fool he was ever to have played it at all—but these cogitations Clive kept for himself. He was magnanimous enough not even to blame Ethel much, and to take her side against his father, who it must be confessed now exhibited a violent hostility against that young lady and her belongings. Slow to anger and utterly beyond deceit himself, when Thomas Newcome was once roused, or at length believed that he was cheated, woe to the offender! From that day forth, Thomas believed no good of him. Every thought or action of his enemy's life seemed treason to the worthy colonel. If Barnes gave a dinner-party, his uncle was ready to fancy that the banker wanted to poison somebody; if he made a little speech in the House of Commons (Barnes did make little speeches in the House of Commons), the Colonel was sure some infernal conspiracy lay under the villain's words. The whole of that branch of the Newcomes fared little better at their kinsman's hands—they were all deceitful, sordid, heartless, worldly;—Ethel herself no better now than

the people who had bred her up. People hate, as they love, unreasonably. Whether is it the more mortifying to us, to feel that we are disliked or liked undeservedly?

Clive was not easy until he had the sea between him and his misfortune: and now Thomas Newcome had the chance of making that tour with his son, which in early days had been such a favourite project with the good man. They travelled Rhineland and Switzerland together —they crossed into Italy—went from Milan to Venice (where Clive saluted the greatest painting in the world—the glorious "Assumption" of Titian)—they went to Trieste, and over the beautiful Styrian Alps to Vienna—they beheld Danube, and the plain where the Turk and Sobieski fought. They travelled at a prodigious fast pace. They did not speak much to one another. They were a pattern pair of English travellers. I daresay many persons whom they met smiled to observe them; and shrugged their shoulders at the aspect of *ces Anglais*. They did not know the care in the young traveller's mind; and the deep tenderness and solicitude of the elder. Clive wrote to say it was a very pleasant tour, but I think I should not have liked to join it. Let us dismiss it in this single sentence. Other gentlemen have taken the same journey, and with sorrow perhaps as their silent fellow traveller. How you remember the places afterwards, and the thoughts which pursued you! If in after days, when your grief is dead and buried, you revisit the scenes in which it was your companion, how its ghost rises and shows itself again! Suppose this part of Mr. Clive's life were to be described at length in several chapters, and not in a single brief sentence, what dreary pages they would be! In two or three months our friends saw a number of men, cities, mountains, rivers, and what not. It was yet early autumn when they were back in France again, and September found them at Brussels, where James Binnie, Esq. and his family were established in comfortable quarters, and where we may be sure Clive and his father were very welcome.

Dragged abroad at first sorely against his will, James Binnie had found the continental life pretty much to his liking. He had passed a winter at Pau, a summer at Vichy, where the waters had done him good. His ladies had made several charming foreign acquaintances. Mrs. Mackenzie had quite a list of Counts and Marchionesses among her friends. The excellent Captain Goby wandered about the country with them. Was it to Rosey, was it to her mother, the Captain was most attached? Rosey received him as a god-papa; Mrs. Mackenzie as a wicked, odious, good-for-nothing, dangerous, delightful, creature. Is it humiliating, is it consolatory, to remark, with what small wit some of our friends are amused? The jovial sallies of Goby appeared exquisite to Rosey's mother, and to the girl probably; though that young Bahawder of a Clive Newcome chose to wear a grave face (confound his insolent airs!) at the very best of the Goby jokes.

In Goby's train was his fervent admirer and inseparable young friend, Clarence Hoby. Captain Hoby and Captain Goby travelled the world

together, visited Hombourg and Baden, Cheltenham and Leamington, Paris and Brussells, in company, belonged to the same club in London —the centre of all pleasure, fashion, and joy, for the young officer and the older campaigner. The jokes at the Flag, the dinners at the Flag, the committee of the Flag, were the theme of their constant conversation. Goby fifty years old, unattached, and with dyed moustaches, was the affable comrade of the youngest member of his club: when absent, a friend wrote him the last riddle from the smoking-room; when present, his knowledge of horses, of cookery, wines, and cigars, and military history, rendered him a most acceptable companion. He knew the history and achievements of every regiment in the army; of every general and commanding officer. He was known to have been 'out' more than once himself, and had made up a hundred quarrels. He was certainly not a man of an ascetic life or a profound intellectual culture: but though poor he was known to be most honourable; though more than middle-aged he was cheerful, busy, and kindly; and though the youngsters called him Old Goby, he bore his years very gaily and handsomely, and I daresay numbers of ladies besides Mrs. Mackenzie thought him delightful. Goby's talk and rattle perhaps somewhat bored James Binnie, but Thomas Newcome found the Captain excellent company; and Goby did justice to the good qualities of the Colonel.

Clive's father liked Brussells very well. He and his son occupied very handsome quarters, near the spacious apartments in the Park which James Binnie's family inhabited. Waterloo was not far off, to which the Indian officer paid several visits with Captain Goby for a guide; and many of Marlborough's battle-fields were near, in which Goby certainly took but a minor interest—but on the other hand Clive beheld these with the greatest pleasure, and painted more than one dashing piece, in which Churchill and Eugene, Cutts and Cadogan, were the heroes; whose flowing periwigs, huge boots, and thundering Flemish chargers were, he thought, more novel and picturesque than the Duke's surtout, and the French Grenadiers' hairy caps, which so many English and French artists have portrayed.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis were invited by our kind Colonel to pass a month—six months if they chose—at Brussells, and were most splendidly entertained by our friends in that city. A suite of handsome rooms was set apart for us. My study communicated with Clive's atélier. Many an hour did we pass, and many a ride and walk did we take together. I observed that Clive never mentioned Miss Newcome's name, and Laura and I agreed that it was as well not to recall it. Only once, when we read the death of Lady Glenlivat, Lord Farintosh's mother, in the newspaper, I remember to have said, "I suppose that marriage will be put off again."

"*Qu'est ce que cela me fait?*" says Mr. Clive gloomily, over his picture—a cheerful piece representing Count Egmont going to execution; in which I have the honour to figure as a halberdier, Captain

Hoby as the Count,—and Captain Goby as the Duke of Alva, looking out of window.

Mrs. Mackenzie was in a state of great happiness and glory during this winter. She had a carriage and worked that vehicle most indefatigably. She knew a great deal of good company at Brussells. She had an evening for receiving. She herself went to countless evening parties, and had the joy of being invited to a couple of court balls, at which I am bound to say her daughter and herself both looked very handsome. The Colonel brushed up his old uniform and attended these entertainments. M. Newcome fils, as I should judge, was not the worst-looking man in the room; and, as these young people waltzed together (in which accomplishment Clive was very much more skilful than Captain Goby), I daresay many people thought he and Rosey made a pretty couple.

Most persons, my wife included, difficult as that lady is to please, were pleased with the pretty little Rosey. She sang charmingly now, and looked so while singing. If her mother would but have omitted that chorus, which she cackled perseveringly behind her daughter's pretty back: about Rosey's angelic temper; about the compliments Signor Polonini paid her; about Sir Horace Dash, our minister, *insisting* upon her singing Batti Batti over again, and the Archduke clapping his hands and saying, O yes! about Count Vanderslaapen's attentions to her, &c., &c.; but for these constant remarks of Mrs. Mack's I am sure no one would have been better pleased with Miss Rosey's singing and behaviour than myself. As for Captain Hoby, it was easy to see how *he* was affected towards Miss Rosalind's music and person.

And indeed few things could be pleasanter than to watch the behaviour of this pretty little maid with her Uncle James and his old chum the Colonel. The latter was soon as fond of her as James Binnie himself, whose face used to lighten with pleasure whenever it turned towards hers. She seemed to divine his wants, as she would trip across the room to fulfil them. She skipped into the carriage and covered his feet with a shawl. James was lazy and chilly now, when he took his drive. She sate opposite to him and smiled on him; and, if he dozed, quick, another handkerchief was round his neck. I do not know whether she understood his jokes, but she saluted them always with a sweet kind smile. How she kissed him, and how delighted she was if he bought her a bouquet for her ball that night! One day, upon occasion of one of these balls, James and Thomas, those two old boys, absolutely came into Mrs. Mackenzie's drawing-room with a bouquet a piece for Miss Rosey; and there was a fine laughing.

"O you little Susanna!" says James, after taking his usual payment; "now go and pay t'other elder." Rosey did not quite understand at first, being, you see, more ready to laugh at jokes than to comprehend them: but when she did, I promise you she looked uncommonly pretty as she advanced to Colonel Newcome and put that pretty fresh cheek of hers up to his grizzled moustache.

"I protest I don't know which of you blushes the most," chuckles James Binnie—and the truth is, the old man and the young girl had both hung out those signals of amiable distress.

On this day, and as Miss Rosey was to be overpowered by flowers, who should come presently to dinner but Captain Hoby, with another bouquet? on which Uncle James said Rosey should go to the ball like an American Indian with her scalps at her belt.

"Scalps!" cries Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Scalps! O Law, uncle!" exclaims Miss Rosey. "What can you mean by anything so horrid?"

Goby recals to Mrs. Mack, Hook-ee-ma-goosh, the Indian chief, whom she must have seen when the Hundred and Fiftieth were at Quebec, and who had his lodge full of them; and who used to lie about the barracks so drunk, and who used to beat his poor little European wife: and presently Mr. Clive Newcome joins this company, when the chirping, tittering, joking, laughing, cease somehow.

Has Clive brought a bouquet too? No. He has never thought about a bouquet. He is dressed in black, with long hair, a long moustache and melancholy imperial. He looks very handsome, but as glum as an undertaker. And James Binnie says, "Egad, Tom, they used to call you the knight of the woful countenance, and Clive has just inherited the paternal mug." Then James calls out in a cheery voice, "Dinner, dinner!" and trots off with Mrs. Pendennis under his arm; Rosey nestles up against the Colonel; Goby and Mrs. Mack walk away arm in arm very contentedly; and I don't know with which of her three nosegays pretty Rosey appears at the ball.

Our stay with our friends at Brussells could not be prolonged beyond a month, for at the end of that period we were under an engagement to other friends in England, who were good enough to desire the presence of Mrs. Pendennis and her suite of baby, nurse, and husband. So we presently took leave of Rosey and the Campaigner, of the two stout elders, and our melancholy young Clive, who bore us company to Antwerp, and who won Laura's heart by the neat way in which he took her child on board ship. Poor fellow! how sad he looked as he bowed to us and took off his hat! His eyes did not seem to be looking at us, though: they and his thoughts were turned another way. He moved off immediately, with his head down, puffing his eternal cigar, and lost in his own meditations; our going or our staying was of very little importance to the lugubrious youth.

"I think it was a great pity they came to Brussells," says Laura, as we sate on the deck, while her unconscious infant was cheerful, and while the water of the lazy Scheld as yet was smooth.

"Who? The Colonel and Clive? They are very handsomely lodged. They have a good maître-d'hotel. Their dinners, I am sure, are excellent; and your child, madam, is as healthy as it possibly can be."

"Blessed darling! Yes!" (Blessed darling crows, moos, jumps in his nurse's arms, and holds out a little mottled hand for a biscuit of Savoy, which mamma supplies.) "I can't help thinking, Arthur, that Rosey would have been much happier as Mrs. Hoby than she will be as Mrs. Newcome."

"Who thinks of her being Mrs. Newcome?"

"Her mother, her uncle, and Clive's father. Since the Colonel has been so rich, I think Mrs. Mackenzie sees a great deal of merit in Clive. Rosey will do anything her mother bids her. If Clive can be brought to the same obedience, Uncle James and the Colonel will be delighted. Uncle James has set his heart on this marriage. (He and his sister agree upon this point.) He told me, last night, that he would sing 'Nunc dimittis,' could he but see the two children happy; and that he should lie easier in purgatory if that could be brought about."

"And what did you say, Laura?"

"I laughed, and told Uncle James I was of the Hoby faction. He is very good-natured, frank, honest, and gentlemanlike, Mr. Hoby. But Uncle James said he thought Mr. Hoby was so—well, so stupid—that his Rosey would be thrown away upon the poor Captain. So I did not tell Uncle James that, before Clive's arrival, Rosey had found Captain Hoby far from stupid. He used to sing duets with her; he used to ride with her before Clive came. Last winter, when they were at Pau, I feel certain Miss Rosey thought Captain Hoby very pleasant indeed. She thinks she was attached to Clive formerly, and now she admires him, and is dreadfully afraid of him, He is taller and handsomer, and richer and cleverer than Captain Hoby, certainly."

"I should think so, indeed," breaks out Mr. Pendennis. "Why, my dear, Clive is as fine a fellow as one can see on a summer's day. It does one good to look at him. What a pair of frank bright blue eyes he has, or used to have, till this mishap overclouded them! What a pleasant laugh he has! What a well-built, agile figure it is—what pluck, and spirit, and honour, there is about my young chap! I don't say he is a genius of the highest order, but he is the staunchest, the bravest, the cheeriest, the most truth-telling, the kindest heart. Compare him and Hoby! Why, Clive is an eagle, and yonder little creature a mousing owl!"

"I like to hear you speak so," cries Mrs. Laura, very tenderly. "People say that you are always sneering, Arthur; but I know my husband better. We know papa better, don't we, baby?" (Here my wife kisses the infant Pendennis with great effusion, who has come up dancing on his nurse's arms.) "But," says she, coming back and snuggling by her husband's side again—"But suppose your favourite Clive is an eagle, Arthur, don't you think he had better have an eagle for a mate? If he were to marry little Rosey, I daresay he would be very good to her; but I think neither he nor she would be very happy. My dear, she does not care for his pursuits; she does not understand

him when he talks. The two captains, and Rosey and I, and the Campaigner, as you call her, laugh and talk, and prattle, and have the merriest little jokes with one another, and we all are as quiet as mice when you and Clive come in."

"What, am I an eagle too? I have no aquiline pretensions at all, Mrs. Pendennis."

"No. Well, we are not afraid of *you*. We are not afraid of papa, are we, darling?" this young woman now calls out to the other member of her family; who, if you will calculate, has just had time to be walked twice up and down the deck of the steamer, whilst Laura has been making her speech about eagles. And soon the mother, child, and attendant, descend into the lower cabins: and then dinner is announced: and Captain Jackson treats us to champagne from his end of the table: and yet a short while, and we are at sea, and conversation becomes impossible: and morning sees us under the grey London sky, and amid the million of masts in the Thames.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSEBURY AND NEWCOME.

THE friends to whom we were engaged in England were Florac and his wife, Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, who were determined to spend the Christmas holidays at the Princess's country-seat. It was for the first time since their reconciliation, that the Prince and Princess dispensed their hospitalities at the latter's chateau. It is situated, as the reader has already been informed, at some five miles from the town of Newcome; away from the chimneys and smoky atmosphere of that place, in a sweet country of rural woodlands; over which quiet villages, grey church spires, and ancient gabled farm-houses are scattered: still wearing the peaceful aspect which belonged to them when Newcome was as yet but an antiquated country town, before mills were erected on its river banks, and dyes and cinders blackened its stream. Twenty years since Newcome Park was the only great house in that district; now scores of fine villas have sprung up in the suburb lying between the town and park. Newcome New Town, as everybody knows, has grown round the park gates, and the New Town Hotel (where the railway station is) is a splendid structure in the Tudor style, more ancient in appearance than the park itself; surrounded by little antique villas with spiked gables, stacks of crooked chimneys, and plate-glass windows looking upon trim lawns; with glistening hedges of ever-

greens, spotless gravel walks, and Elizabethan gig-houses. Under the great railway viaduct of the New Town, goes the old tranquil winding London high-road, once busy with a score of gay coaches, and ground by innumerable wheels: but at a few miles from the New Town Station, the road has become so mouldy that the grass actually grows on it; and Rosebury, Madame de Montcontour's house, stands at one end of a village-green, which is even more quiet now than it was a hundred years ago.

When first Madame de Florac bought the place, it scarcely ranked amongst the county houses; and she, the sister of manufacturers at Newcome and Manchester, did not of course visit the county families. A homely little body, married to a Frenchman from whom she was separated, may or may not have done a great deal of good in her village, have had pretty gardens, and won prizes at the Newcome flower and fruit shows; but, of course, she was nobody in such an aristocratic county as we all know ——shire is. She had her friends and relatives from Newcome. Many of them were Quakers—many were retail shop-keepers. She even frequented the little branch Ebenezer, on Rosebury Green; and it was only by her charities and kindness at Christmas time, that the Rev. Dr. Potter, the rector at Rosebury, knew her. The old clergy, you see, live with the county families. Good little Madame de Florac was pitied and patronised by the Doctor; treated with no little superciliousness by Mrs. Potter, and the young ladies, who only kept the first society. Even when her rich brother died, and she got her share of all that money, Mrs. Potter said poor Madame de Florac did well in not trying to move out of her natural sphere (Mrs. P. was the daughter of a bankrupt hatter in London, and had herself been governess in a noble family, out of which she married Mr. P., who was private tutor). Madame de Florac did well, we say, not to endeavour to leave her natural sphere, and that The County never would receive her. Tom Potter, the rector's son, with whom I had the good fortune to be a fellow-student at Saint Boniface College, Oxbridge,—a rattling, forward, and it must be owned, vulgar youth,—asked me whether Florac was not a billiard-marker by profession? and was even so kind as to caution his sisters not to speak of billiards before the lady of Rosebury. Tom was surprised to learn that Monsieur Paul de Florac was a gentleman of lineage, incomparably better than that of any, except two or three families in England (including your own, my dear and respected reader, of course, if you hold to your pedigree). But the truth is, heraldically speaking, that union with the Higgs of Manchester was the first misalliance which the Florac family had made for long long years. Not that I would wish for a moment to insinuate that any nobleman is equal to an English nobleman; nay, that an English snob, with a coat of arms bought yesterday, or stolen out of Edmonton, or a pedigree purchased from a peerage maker, has not a right to look down upon any of your paltry foreign nobility.

One day the carriage-and-four came in state from Newcome Park,

with the well-known chaste liveries of the Newcomes, and drove up Rosebury Green, towards the parsonage-gate, where Mrs. and the Miss Potters happened to be standing, cheapening fish from a donkey-man,

with whom they were in the habit of dealing. The ladies were in their pokiest old head-gear and most dingy gowns, when they perceived the carriage approaching; and considering, of course, that the visit of the park people was intended for them, dashed into the rectory to change their clothes, leaving Rowkins, the costermonger, in the very midst of the negotiation about the three mackarel. Mamma got that new bonnet out of the band-box; Lizzy and Liddy skipped up to their bed-room, and brought out those dresses which they wore at the *déjeuner* at the Newcome Athenæum, when Lord Leveret came down to lecture; into which they no sooner had hooked their lovely shoulders, than they reflected with terror that mamma had been altering one of papa's flannel waistcoats and had left it in the drawing-room, when they were called out by the song of Rowkins, and the appearance of his donkey's ears over the green gate of the rectory. To think of the Park People coming, and the drawing-room in that dreadful state!

But when they came down stairs the Park People were not in the room—the woollen garment was still on the table, (how they plunged it into the chiffonier!)—and the only visitor was Rowkins, the costermonger, grinning at the open French windows, with the three mackarel, and crying, "Make it sixpence, Miss—don't say fippens, Maam, to a pore fellow that has a wife and family." So that the young ladies had to cry—"Impudence!" "Get away you vulgar insolent creature!—Go round, sir, to the back door." "How dare you?" and the like; fearing lest Lady Ann Newcome, and young Ethel, and Barnes should enter in the midst of this ignoble controversy.

They never came at all—those Park People. How very odd! They

passed the rectory-gate; they drove on to Madame de Florac's lodge. They went in. They stayed for half-an-hour; the horses driving round and round the gravel-road before the house; and Mrs. Potter and the girls speedily going to the upper chambers, and looking out of the room where the maids slept, saw Lady Ann, Ethel, and Barnes walking with Madame de Florac, going into the conservatories, issuing thence with Mac Whirter, the gardener, bearing huge bunches of grapes and large fasces of flowers; they saw Barnes talking in the most respectful manner to Madame de Florac: and when they went down stairs and had their work before them—Liddy her gilt music-book, Lizzy her embroidered altar-cloth, Mamma her scarlet cloak for one of the old women—they had the agony of seeing the barouche over the railings whisk by, with the park people inside, and Barnes driving the four horses.

It was on that day when Barnes had determined to take up Madame de Florac; when he was bent upon reconciling her to her husband. In spite of all Mrs. Potter's predictions, the county families did come and visit the manufacturer's daughter; and when Madame de Florac became Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, when it was announced that she was coming to stay at Rosebury for Christmas, I leave you to imagine whether the circumstance was or was not mentioned in the "Newcome Sentinel" and the "Newcome Independent;" and whether Rev. G. Potter, D.D., and Mrs. Potter did or did not call on the Prince and Princess. I leave you to imagine whether the lady did or did not inspect all the alterations which Vineer's people from Newcome were making at Rosebury House—the chaste yellow satin and gold of the drawing room—the carved oak for the dining-room—the chintz for the bed-rooms—the Princess's apartment—the Prince's apartment—the guests' apartments—the smoking-room, gracious goodness!—the stables (these were under Tom Potter's superintendence), "and I'm dashed," says he one day, "if here doesn't come a billiard-table!"

The house was most comfortably and snugly appointed from top to bottom; and thus it will be seen that Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis were likely to be in very good quarters for their Christmas of 184—.

Tom Potter was so kind as to call on me two days after our arrival; and to greet me in the princess's pew at church on the previous day. Before desiring to be introduced to my wife, he requested me to present him to my friend the prince. He called him your Highness. His Highness, who had behaved with exemplary gravity, save once when he shrieked an "ah!" as Miss Liddy led off the children in the organ-loft in a hymn, and the whole pack went woefully out of tune, complimented Monsieur Tom on the sermon of Monsieur his father. Tom walked back with us to Rosebury Lodge gate. "Will you not come in, and make a party of billiard with me?" says his Highness. "Ah, pardon! I forgot, you do not play the billiard the Sunday!" "*Any other day*, Prince, I shall be delighted," says Tom; and squeezed his Highness's hand tenderly at parting. "Your comrade of college was he?" asks Florac. "My dear, what men are these comrades of college! What

men are you English! My word of honour, there are some of them here—if I were to say to them wax my boots, they would take them and wax them! Did'st thou see how the Révérend eyed us during the sermon? He regarded us over his book, my word of honour!"

Madame de Florac said simply, she wished the Prince would go and hear Mr. Jacob at the Ebenezer. Mr. Potter was not a good preacher certainly.

"Savez-vous qu'elle est furieusement belle la fille du Révérend?" whispered his Highness to me. "I have made eyes at her during the sermon. They will be of pretty neighbours these Meess!" and Paul looked unutterably roguish and victorious as he spoke. To my wife, I am bound to say, Monsieur de Montcontour showed a courtesy, a respect and kindness, that could not be exceeded. He admired her. He payed her compliments innumerable, and gave me I am sure sincere congratulations at possessing such a treasure. I do not think he doubted about his power of conquering her, or any other of the daughters of women. But I was the friend of his misfortunes—his guest; and he spared me.

I have seen nothing more amusing, odd, and pleasant than Florac at this time of his prosperity. We arrived, as this veracious chronicle has already asserted, on a Saturday evening. We were conducted to our most comfortable apartments; with crackling fires blazing on the hearths, and every warmth of welcome. Florac expanded and beamed with good-nature. He shook me many times by the hand; he patted me; he called me his good—his brave. He cried to his maître-d'hotel, "Frédéric, remember Monsieur is master here! Run before his orders. Prostrate thyself to him. He was good to me in the days of my misfortune. Hearest thou, Frederick? See that everything be done for Monsieur Pendennis—for Madame sa charmante lady—for her angelic infant, and the bonne. None of thy garrison tricks with that young person, Frédéric! vieux scélérat. Garde toi de la, Frédéric, si non, je t'envoie a Botani Bay; je te traduis devant le Lord Maire!"

"En Angleterre je me fais Anglais, vois tu, mon ami," continued the Prince. "Demain c'est Sunday, et tu vas voir! I hear the bell, dress thyself for the dinner—my friend!" Here there was another squeeze of both hands from the good-natured fellow. "It do good to my art to ave you in my ouse! Heuh!" He hugged his guest; he had tears in his eyes as he performed this droll, this kind embrace. Not less kind in her way, though less expansive and *embracive*, was Madame de Montcontour to my wife, as I found on comparing notes with that young woman, when the day's hospitalities were ended. The little Princess trotted from bed-chamber to nursery to see that everything was made comfortable for her guests. She sate and saw the child washed and put to bed. She had never beheld such a little angel. She brought it a fine toy to play with. She and her grim old maid frightened the little creature at first, but it was very speedily reconciled to their countenances. She was in the nursery almost as early as the child's

mother. "Ah!" sighed the poor little woman, "how happy you must be to have one." In fine my wife was quite overcome by her goodness and welcome.

Sunday morning arrived in the course of time, and then Florac appeared as a most wonderful Briton indeed! He wore top-boots and buckskins; and after breakfast, when we went to church, a white great coat with a little cape, in which garment he felt that his similarity to an English gentleman was perfect. In conversation with his grooms and servants he swore freely,—not that he was accustomed to employ oaths in his own private talk, but he thought the employment of these expletives necessary as an English country gentleman. He never dined without a roast beef, and insisted that the piece of meat should be bleeding, "as you love it, you others." He got up boxing-matches; and kept birds for combats of cock. He assumed the sporting language with admirable enthusiasm—drove over to cover with a steppère—rode

across countri like a good one—was splendid in the hunting-field in his velvet cap and Napoleon boots, and made the Hunt welcome at Rosebury, where his good-natured little wife was as kind to the gentle-

men in scarlet, as she used to be of old to the stout dissenting gentlemen in black, who sang hymns and spake sermons on her lawn. These folks, scared at the change which had taken place in the little Princess's habits of life, lamented her falling away: but in the county she and her husband got a great popularity, and in Newcome town itself they were not less liked, for her benefactions were unceasing, and Paul's affability the theme of all praise. The "Newcome Independent," and the "Newcome Sentinel," both paid him compliments; the former journal contrasting his behaviour with that of Sir Barnes, their member. Florac's pleasure was to drive his Princess with four horses into Newcome. He called his carriage his "trappe," his "drague." The street boys cheered and hurrayed the Prince as he passed through the town. One haberdasher had a yellow stock called "The Montcontour" displayed in his windows; another had a pink one marked "The Princely," and as such recommended it to the young Newcome gents.

The drague conveyed us once to the neighbouring house of Newcome, whither my wife accompanied Madame de Montcontour at that lady's own request, to whom Laura very properly did not think fit to confide her antipathy for Lady Clara Newcome. Coming away from a great house, how often she and I, egotistical philosophers, thanked our fates that our own home was a small one! How long will great houses last in this world? Do not their owners now prefer a lodging at Brighton, or a little entresol on the Boulevard, to the solitary ancestral palace in a park barred round with snow? We were as glad to get out of Newcome as out of a prison. My wife and our hostess skipped into the carriage, and began to talk freely as the lodge gates closed after us. Would we be lords of such a place under the penalty of living in it? We agreed that the little angle of earth called Fairoaks was dearer to us than the clumsy Newcome pile of Tudor masonry. The house had been fitted up in the time of George IV. and the quasi-Gothic revival. We were made to pass through Gothic dining-rooms, where there was now no hospitality,—Gothic drawing-rooms shrouded in brown hollands, to one little room at the end of the dusky suite, where Lady Clara sate alone, or in the company of the nurses and children. The blank gloom of the place had fallen upon the poor lady. Even when my wife talked about children (good-natured Madame de Montcontour vaunting ours as a prodigy) Lady Clara did not brighten up. Her pair of young ones was exhibited and withdrawn. A something weighed upon the woman. We talked about Ethel's marriage. She said it was fixed for the new year, she believed. She did not know whether Glenlivat had been very handsomely fitted up. She had not seen Lord Farintosh's house in London. Sir Barnes came down once—twice—of a Saturday sometimes, for three or four days to hunt, to amuse himself, as all men do she supposed. She did not know when he was coming again. She rang languidly when we rose to take leave, and sank back on her sofa, where lay a heap of French novels. "She has chosen some pretty books," says Paul, as we drove through the sombre avenues

through the grey park, mists lying about the melancholy ornamental waters, dingy herds of huddled sheep speckling the grass here and there; no smoke rising up from the great stacks of chimneys of the building we were leaving behind us, save one little feeble thread of white which we knew came from the fire by which the lonely mistress of Newcome was seated. "Ouf!" cries Florac, playing his whip, as the lodge-gates closed on us, and his team of horses rattled merrily along the road, "what a blessing it is to be out of that vault of a place! There is something fatal in this house—in this woman. One smells misfortune there."

The hotel which our friend Florac patronised on occasion of his visits to Newcome was the King's Arms, and it happened, one day as we entered that place of entertainment in company, that a visitor of the house was issuing through the hall, to whom Florac seemed as if he would administer one of his customary embraces, and to whom the Prince called out "Jack," with great warmth and kindness as he ran towards the stranger.

Jack did not appear to be particularly well pleased on beholding us; he rather retreated from before the Frenchman's advances.

"My dear Jack, my good, my brave Ighgate! I am delighted to see you!" Florac continues, regardless of the stranger's reception, or of the landlord's looks towards us, who was bowing the Prince into his very best room.

"How do you do, Monsieur de Florac?" growls the new comer, surlily; and was for moving on after this brief salutation; but having a second thought seemingly, turned back and followed Florac into the apartment whither our host conducted us. *A la bonne heure!* Florac renewed his cordial greetings to Lord Highgate. "I knew not, mon bon, what fly had stung you," says he to my lord. The landlord, rubbing his hands, smirking and bowing, was anxious to know whether the Prince would take anything after his drive. As the Prince's attendant and friend, the lustre of his reception partially illuminated me. When the chief was not by, I was treated with great attention (mingled with a certain degree of familiarity) by my landlord.

Lord Highgate waited until Mr. Taplow was out of the room; and then said to Florac, "Don't call me by my name here, please Florac, I am here incog."

"*Plait-il?*" asks Florac, "Where is incog.?" He laughed when the word was interpreted to him. Lord Highgate had turned to me. "There was no rudeness you understand intended, Mr. Pendennis, but I am down here on some business, and don't care to wear the handle to my name. Fellows work it so, don't you understand? never leave you at rest in a country town—that sort of thing. Heard of our friend Clive lately?"

"Whether you ave andle or no andle, Jack, you are always the *bien venu* to me. What is thy affair? Old monster! I wager . . ."

"No, no, no such nonsense," says Jack, rather eagerly. "I give

you my honour, I—I want to—to raise a sum of money—that is, to invest some in a speculation down here—deuced good the speculations down here; and, by the way, if the landlord asks you, I'm Mr. Harris—I'm a civil engineer—I'm waiting for the arrival of the 'Canada' at Liverpool from America, and very uneasy about my brother who is on board."

"What does he recount to us there? Keep these stories for the landlord, Jack; to us 'tis not the pain to lie. My good Mr. Harris, why have we not seen you at Rosebury? The Princess will scold me if you do not come; and you must bring your dear brother when he arrive too. Do you hear?" The last part of this sentence was uttered for Mr. Taplow's benefit, who had re-entered the George bearing a tray of wine and biscuit.

The Master of Rosebury and Mr. Harris went out presently to look at a horse which was waiting the former's inspection in the stable-yard of the hotel. The landlord took advantage of his business, to hear a bell which never was rung, and to ask me questions about the guest who had been staying at his house for a week past. Did I know that party? Mr. Pendennis said, "Yes, he knew that party."

"Most respectable party, I have no doubt," continues Boniface.

"Do you suppose the Prince of Montcontour knows *any* but respectable parties?" asks Mr. Pendennis—a query of which the force was so great as to discomfit and silence our landlord, who retreated to ask questions concerning Mr. Harris of Florac's grooms.

What was Highgate's business here? Was it mine to know? I might have suspicions, but should I entertain them, or communicate them, and had I not best keep them to myself? I exchanged not a word on the subject of Highgate with Florac, as we drove home: though from the way in which we looked at one another, each saw that the other was acquainted with that unhappy gentleman's secret. We fell to talking about Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry as we trotted on; and then of English manners by way of contrast, of intrigues, elopements, Gretna Grin, &c., &c. "You are a droll nation!" says Florac. "To make love well, you must absolutely have a chaise-de-poste, and a scandal afterwards. If our affairs of this kind made themselves on the grand route, what armies of postilions we should need!"

I held my peace. In that vision of Jack Belsize I saw misery, guilt, children dishonoured, homes deserted,—ruin for all the actors and victims of the wretched conspiracy. Laura marked my disturbance when we reached home. She even divined the cause of it, and charged me with it at night, when we sate alone by our dressing-room fire, and had taken leave of our kind entertainers. Then, under her cross-examination, I own that I told what I had seen—Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, staying at Newcome. It might be nothing. Nothing! Gracious Heavens! Could not this crime and misery be stopped? "It might be too late," Laura's husband said sadly, bending down his head into the fire.

She was silent too for a while. I could see she was engaged where pious women ever will betake themselves in moments of doubt, of grief, of pain, of separation, of joy even, or whatsoever other trial. They have but to will, and as it were an invisible temple rises round them; their hearts can kneel down there; and they have an audience of the great, the merciful, untiring Counsellor and Consoler. She would not have been frightened at Death near at hand, I have known her to tend the poor round about us, or to bear pain—not her own merely, but even her children's and mine, with a surprising outward constancy and calm. But the idea of this crime being enacted close at hand, and no help for it—quite overcame her. I believe she lay awake all that night; and rose quite haggard and pale after the bitter thoughts which had deprived her of rest.

She embraced her own child with extraordinary tenderness that morning, and even wept over it, calling it by a thousand fond names of maternal endearment. "Would I leave you, my darling—could I ever, ever, ever quit you, my blessing, and treasure!" The unconscious little thing, hugged to his mother's bosom, and scared at her tones and tragic face, clung frightened and weeping round Laura's neck. Would you ask what the husband's feelings were as he looked at that sweet love, that sublime tenderness, that pure Saint blessing the life of him unworthy? Of all the gifts of Heaven to us below, that felicity is the sum and the chief. I tremble as I hold it lest I should lose it, and be left alone in the blank world without it: again, I feel humiliated to think that I possess it; as hastening home to a warm fireside and a plentiful table, I feel ashamed sometimes before the poor outcast beggar shivering in the street.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Laura asked for a pony carriage, and said she was bent on a private visit. She took her baby and nurse with her. She refused our company, and would not even say whither she was bound until she had passed the lodge-gate. I may have suspected what the object was of her journey. Florac and I did not talk of it. We rode out to meet the hounds of a cheery winter morning: on another day I might have been amused with my host—the splendour of his raiment, the neatness of his velvet cap, the gloss of his hunting boots; the cheers, shouts, salutations, to dog and man; the oaths and outcries of this Nimrod, who shouted louder than the whole field and the whole pack too—but on this morning I was thinking of the tragedy yonder enacting, and came away early from the hunting-field, and found my wife already returned to Rosebury.

Laura had been, as I suspected, to Lady Clara. She did not know why, indeed. She scarce knew what she should say when she arrived—how she could say what she had in her mind. "I hoped, Arthur, that I should have something—something told me to say," whispered Laura, with her head on my shoulder; "and as I lay awake last night thinking of her, prayed—that is, hoped, I might find a word of consolation for that poor lady. Do you know I think she has

hardly ever heard a kind word? She said so; she was very much affected after we had talked together a little.

"At first she was very indifferent; cold and haughty in her manner; asked what had caused the pleasure of this visit, for I would go in, though at the lodge they told me her ladyship was unwell, and they thought received no company. I said I wanted to show our boy to her —that the children ought to be acquainted—I don't know what I said. She seemed more and more surprised—then all of a sudden—I don't know how—I said, 'Lady Clara, I have had a dream about you and your children, and I was so frightened that I came over to you to speak about it.' And I *had* the dream, Pen; it came to me absolutely as I was speaking to her.

"She looked a little scared, and I went on telling her the dream. 'My dear,' I said, 'I dreamed that I saw you happy with those children.'

"'Happy!' says she—the three were playing in the conservatory, into which her sitting-room opens.

"'And that a bad spirit came and tore them from you; and drove you out into the darkness; and I saw you wandering about quite lonely and wretched, and looking back into the garden where the children were playing. And you asked and implored to see them; and the Keeper at the gate said, 'No, never.' And then—then I thought they passed by you, and they did not know you.

"'Ah,' said Lady Clara.

"'And then I thought, as we do in dreams, you know, that it was *my* child who was separated from me, and who would not know me: and O, what a pang that was! Fancy that. Let us pray God it was only a dream. And worse than that, when you, when I implored to come to the child, and the man said 'No, never,' I thought there came a spirit—an angel that fetched the child to heaven, and you said, 'Let me come too; O, let me come too, I am so miserable.' And the angel said, 'No, never, never.'

"By this time Lady Clara was looking very pale. 'What do you mean?' she asked of me, Laura continued.

"'O, dear lady, for the sake of the little ones, and Him who calls them to Him, go you with them. Never, never part from them! Cling to His knees, and take shelter there.' I took her hands, and I said more to her in this way, Arthur, that I need not, that I ought not to speak again. But she was touched at length when I kissed her; and she said I was very kind to her, and no one had ever been so, and that she was quite alone in the world and had no friend to fly to; and would I go and stay with her? and I said 'Yes;' and we must go, my dear. And I think you should see that person at Newcome—see him, and warn him," cried Laura, warming as she spoke, "and pray God to enlighten and strengthen him, and to keep him from this temptation, and implore him to leave this poor, weak, frightened, trembling creature; if he has the heart of a gentleman and the courage of a man, he will, I know he will."

"I think he would, my dearest," I said, "if he but heard the petitioner." Laura's cheeks were blushing, her eyes brightened, her voice rang with a sweet pathos of love that vibrates through my whole being sometimes. It seems to me as if evil must give way, and bad thoughts retire before that purest creature.

"Why has she not some of her family with her, poor thing!" my wife continued. "She perishes in that solitude. Her husband prevents her, I think—and—O—I know enough of *him* to know what his life is. I shudder, Arthur, to see you take the hand of that wicked selfish man. You must break with him, do you hear, sir?"

"Before or after going to stay at his house, my love?" asks Mr. Pendennis.

"Poor thing! she lighted up at the idea of any one coming. She ran and showed me the rooms we were to have. It will be very stupid; and you don't like that. But you can write your book, and still hunt and shoot with our friends here. And Lady Ann Newcome must be made to come back again. Sir Barnes quarrelled with his mother and drove her out of the house on her last visit—think of that! The servants here know it. Martha brought me the whole story from the housekeeper's room. This Sir Barnes Newcome is a dreadful creature, Arthur. I am so glad I loathed him from the very first moment I saw him."

"And into this ogre's den you propose to put me and my family, madam!" says the husband. "Indeed, where won't I go if you order me? O, who will pack my portmanteau?"

Florac and the Princess were both in desolation when, at dinner, we announced our resolution to go away—and to our neighbours at Newcome! that was more extraordinary. "Que diable goest thou to do in this galley?" asks our host as we sate alone over our wine.

But Laura's intended visit to Lady Clara was never to have a fulfilment, for on this same evening, as we sate at our dessert, comes a messenger from Newcome, with a note for my wife from the lady there.

"*Dearest, kindest*, Mrs. Pendennis," Lady Clara wrote, with many italics, and evidently in much distress of mind. "Your visit *is not to be*. I spoke about it to Sir B., who *arrived this afternoon*, and who has already begun to treat me *in his usual way*. O, I am so unhappy! Pray, pray do not be angry at this rudeness—though indeed it is only a kindness to keep you from this wretched place! I feel as *if I cannot bear this much longer*. But, whatever happens, I shall always remember your goodness, your beautiful goodness and kindness; and shall worship you as *an angel* deserves to be worshipped. O why had I not such a friend *earlier!* But alas! I have none—only *this odious family* thrust upon me for companions to the *wretched, lonely*, C. N.

"P.S.—He does not know of my writing. Do not be surprised if you get another note from me in the morning, written in a *ceremonious*

style, and regretting that we *cannot have the pleasure* of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis for the present at Newcome.

"P.S.—The hypocrite!"

This letter was handed to my wife at dinner-time, and she gave it to me as she passed out of the room with the other ladies.

I told Florac that the Newcomes could not receive us, and that we would remain, if he willed it, his guests for a little longer. The kind fellow was only too glad to keep us. "My wife would die without *Bébi*," he said. "She becomes quite dangerous about Bébi." It was gratifying that the good old lady was not to be parted as yet from the innocent object of her love.

My host knew as well as I the terms upon which Sir Barnes and his wife were living. Their quarrels were the talk of the whole county; one side brought forward his treatment of her, and his conduct elsewhere, and said that he was so bad that honest people should not know him. The other party laid the blame upon her, and declared that Lady Clara was a languid, silly, weak, frivolous creature; always crying out of season; who had notoriously taken Sir Barnes for his money, and who as certainly had had an attachment elsewhere. Yes, the accusations were true on both sides. A bad, selfish husband had married a woman for her rank: a weak, thoughtless girl had been sold to a man for his money; and the union, which might have ended in a comfortable indifference, had taken an ill turn and resulted in misery, cruelty, fierce mutual recriminations, bitter tears shed in private, husband's curses and maledictions, and open scenes of wrath and violence for servants to witness and the world to sneer at. We arrange such matches every day; we sell or buy beauty, or rank, or wealth; we inaugurate the bargain in churches with sacramental services, in which the parties engaged call upon Heaven to witness their vows—we know them to be lies, and we seal them with God's name. "I, Barnes, promise to take you, Clara, to love and honour till death do us part." "I, Clara, promise to take you, Barnes," &c. &c. Who has not heard the ancient words; and how many of us have uttered them, knowing them to be untrue: and is there a bishop on the bench that has not amen'd the humbug in his lawn sleeves and called a blessing over the kneeling pair of perjurers?

"Does Mr. Harris know of Newcome's return?" Florac asked, when I acquainted him with this intelligence. "Ce scélérat de Highgate—Va!"

"Does Newcome know that Lord Highgate is here?" I thought within myself, admiring my wife's faithfulness and simplicity, and trying to believe with that pure and guileless creature that it was not yet too late to save the unhappy Lady Clara.

"Mr. Harris had best be warned," I said to Florac; "will you write him a word, and let us send a messenger to Newcome?"

At first Florac said, "Parbleu! No;" the affair was none of his, he attended himself always to this result of Lady Clara's marriage. He

had even complimented Jack upon it years before at Baden, when scenes enough tragic, enough comical, ma foi, had taken place apropos of this affair. Why should he meddle with it now?

"Children dishonoured," said I, "honest families made miserable; for Heaven's sake Florac let us stay this catastrophe if we can." I spoke with much warmth, eagerly desirous to avert this calamity if possible, and very strongly moved by the tale which I had heard only just before dinner from that noble and innocent creature, whose pure heart had already prompted her to plead the cause of right and truth, and to try and rescue an unhappy desperate sister trembling on the verge of ruin.

"If you will not write to him," said I, in some heat, "If your grooms don't like to go out of a night (this was one of the objections which Florac had raised), I will walk." We were talking over the affair rather late in the evening, the ladies having retreated to their sleeping apartments, and some guests having taken leave, whom our hospitable host and hostess had entertained that night, and before whom I naturally did not care to speak upon a subject so dangerous.

"Parbleu, what virtue, my friend! what a Joseph!" cries Florac, puffing his cigar. "One sees well that your wife had made you the sermon. My poor Pendennis. You are henpecked, my pauvre bon! You become the husband model. It is true my mother writes that thy wife is an angel!"

"I do not object to obey such a woman when she bids me do right," I said; and would indeed at that woman's request have gone out upon the errand, but that we here found another messenger. On days when dinner parties were held at Rosebury, certain auxiliary waiters used to attend from Newcome whom the landlord of the King's Arms was accustomed to supply; indeed, it was to secure these, and make other necessary arrangements respecting fish, game, &c., that the Prince de Montcontour had ridden over to Newcome on the day when we met Lord Highgate, alias Mr. Harris, before the bar of the hotel. Whilst we were engaged in the above conversation a servant enters, and says, "My lord, Jenkins and the other man is going back to Newcome in their cart, and is there anything wanted?"

"It is the Heaven which sends him," says Florac, turning round to me with a laugh, "make Jenkins to wait five minutes, Robert; I have to write to a gentleman at the King's Arms." And so saying, Florac wrote a line which he showed me, and having sealed the note, directed it to Mr. Harris at the King's Arms. The cart, the note, and the assistant waiters departed on their way to Newcome. Florac bade me go to rest with a clear conscience. In truth, the warning was better given in that way than any other, and a word from Florac was more likely to be effectual than an expostulation from me. I had never thought of making it, perhaps; except at the expressed desire of a lady whose counsel in all the difficult circumstances of life I own I am disposed to take.

Mr. Jenkins's horse no doubt trotted at a very brisk pace, as gentlemen's horses will of a frosty night, after their masters have been regaled with plentiful supplies of wine and ale. I remember in my bachelor days that my horses always trotted quicker after I had had a good dinner; the champagne used to communicate itself to them somehow, and the claret get into their heels. Before midnight the letter for Mr. Harris was in Mr. Harris's hands in the King's Arms.

It has been said, that in the Boscawen Room at the Arms, some of the jolly fellows of Newcome had a club, of which Parrot the auctioneer, Tom Potts the talented reporter, now Editor of the "Independent," Vidler the apothecary, and other gentlemen, were members.

When we first had occasion to mention that society, it was at an early stage of this history, long before Clive Newcome's fine moustache had grown. If Vidler the apothecary was old and infirm then, he is near ten years older now; he has had various assistants, of course, and one of them of late years had become his partner, though the firm continues to be known by Vidler's ancient and respectable name. A jovial fellow was this partner—a capital convivial member of the Jolly Britons, where he used to sit very late, so as to be in readiness for any nightwork that might come in.

So the Britons were all sitting, smoking, drinking, and making merry, in the Boscawen Room, when Jenkins enters with a note, which he straightway delivers to Mr. Vidler's partner. "From Rosebury? The Princess ill again, I suppose," says the surgeon, not sorry to let the company know that he attends her. "I wish the old girl would be ill in the day-time. Confound it," says he, "what's this—" and he reads out, "Sir Newcome est de retour. Bon voyage, mon ami. F." What does this mean?

"I thought you knew French, Jack Harris," says Tom Potts; "you're always bothering us with your French songs."

"Of course I know French," says the other; "but what's the meaning of this?"

"Screwcome came back by the five o'clock train. I was in it, and his royal highness would scarcely speak to me. Took Brown's fly from the station. Brown won't enrich his family much by the operation," says Mr. Potts.

"But what do *I* care?" cries Jack Harris; "we don't attend him, and we don't lose much by that. Howell attends him, ever since Vidler and he had that row."

"Hulloh! I say it's a mistake," cries Mr. Taplow, smoking in his chair. "This letter is for the party in the Benbow. The gent which the prince spoke to him, and called him Jack the other day when he was here. Here's a nice business, and the seal broke, and all. Is the Benbow party gone to bed? John, you must carry him in this here note." John, quite innocent of the note and its contents, for he that moment had entered the club-room with Mr. Potts's supper, took the note to the Benbow, from which he presently returned to his master

with a very scared countenance. He said the gent in the Benbow was a most harbitrary gent. He had almost choked John after reading the letter, and John wouldn't stand it; and when John said he supposed that Mr. Harris in the Boscawen—that Mr. Jack Harris, had opened the letter, the other gent cursed and swore awful.

"Potts," said Taplow, who was only too communicative on some occasions after he had imbibed too much of his own brandy-and-water, "it's my belief that that party's name is no more Harris than mine is. I have sent his linen to the wash, and there was two white pocket-handkerchiefs with H. and a coronet."

On the next day we drove over to Newcome, hoping perhaps to find that Lord Highgate had taken the warning sent to him and quitted the place. But we were disappointed. He was walking in front of the hotel, where a thousand persons might see him as well as ourselves.

We entered into his private apartment with him, and there expostulated upon his appearance in the public street, where Barnes Newcome or any passer-by might recognise him. He then told us of the mishap which had befallen Florac's letter on the previous night.

"I can't go away now, whatever might have happened previously: by this time that villain knows that I am here. If I go, he will say I was afraid of him, and ran away. O, how I wish he would come and find me." He broke out with a savage laugh.

"It is best to run away," one of us interposed sadly.

"Pendennis," he said with a tone of great softness, "your wife is a good woman. God bless her. God bless her for all she has said and done—would have done, if that villain had let her. Do you know the poor thing hasn't a single friend in the world, not one, one—except me, and that girl they are selling to Farintosh, and who does not count for much. He has driven away all her friends from her: one and all turn upon her. Her relations of course; when did *they* ever fail to hit a poor fellow or a poor girl when she was down? The poor angel! The mother who sold her comes and preaches at her; Kew's wife turns up her little cursed nose and scorns her; Rooster, forsooth, must ride the high horse, now he is married, and lives at Chanticlere, and give her warning to avoid my company or his! Do you know the only friend she ever had was that old woman with the stick—old Kew; the old witch whom they buried four months ago after nobbling her money for the beauty of the family? She used to protect her—that old woman; Heaven bless her for it, wherever she is now, the old hag—a good word won't do her any harm. Ha! ha!" his laughter was cruel to hear.

"Why did I come down?" he continued in reply to our sad queries. "Why did I come down, do you ask? Because she was wretched, and sent for me. Because if I was at the end of the world, and she was to say, 'Jack, come!' I'd come."

"And if she bade you go?" asked his friends.

"I would go; and I *have* gone. If she told me to jump into the sea,

do you think I would not do it? But I go; and when she is alone with him, do you know what he does? He strikes her. Strikes *that* poor little thing! He has owned to it. She fled from him and sheltered with the old woman who 's dead. He may be doing it now? Why did I ever shake hands with him? that's humiliation sufficient, isn't it? But she wished it; and I'd black his boots, curse him, if she told me. And because he wanted to keep my money in his confounded bank; and because he knew he might rely upon my honour and hers, poor dear child, he chooses to shake hands with me—me, whom he hates worse than a thousand devils—and quite right too. Why isn't there a place where we can go and meet, like man to man, and have it over! If I had a ball through my brains I shouldn't mind, I tell you. I've a mind to do it for myself, Pendennis. You don't understand me, Viscount.

"Il est vrai," said Florac, with a shrug, "I comprehend neither the suicide nor the chaise-de-poste. What will you? I am not yet enough English, my friend. We make marriages of convenance in our country, que diable, and what follows follows; but no scandal afterwards! Do not adopt our institutions a demi, my friend. Vous ne me comprenez pas non plus, mon pauvre Jack!"

"There is one way still, I think," said the third of the speakers in this scene. "Let Lord Highgate come to Rosebury in his own name, leaving that of Mr. Harris behind him. If Sir Barnes Newcome wants you, he can seek you there. If you will go, as go you should, and God speed you; you can go, and in your own name, too."

"Parbleu c'est ça," cries Florac, "he speaks like a book—the Romancier!" I confess, for my part, I thought that a good woman might plead with him, and touch that manly not disloyal heart now trembling on the awful balance between evil and good.

"Allons! let us make to come the drague!" cries Florac. "Jack, thou returnest with us, my friend! Madame Pendennis, an angel my friend, a *quakre* the most charming, shall roucoule to thee the sweetest sermons. My wife shall tend thee like a mother—a grandmother. Go make thy packet!"

Lord Highgate was very much pleased and relieved seemingly. He shook our hands, he said he should never forget our kindness, never! In truth the didactic part of our conversation was carried on at much greater length than as here noted down: and he would come that evening, but not with us, thank you; he had a particular engagement, some letters he must write. Those done he would not fail us, and would be at Rosebury by dinner-time.

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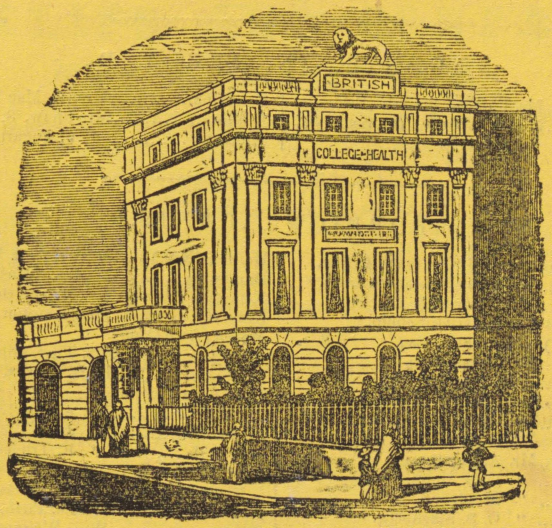

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